SERMON REPORTERS.

In English Churches They Are Only Admitted on Sufferance.

Some one who evidently speaks from knowledge writes in the Homlietic Reriew of "The Experiences of a Sermon Reporter." His remarks on the differ-ent rules in English and American newspapers on sermon reporting and his statement that it is necessary to

newspapers on sermon repracting his statement that it is necessary to verify Scriptural texts are not without interest. Possibly there is a text for a sermon not preached by the preachers in the following paragraph:

Reporters are invariably welcomed to American churches, for American preachers seem fully alive to the value of the advertisement obtained through newspaper notices. Some preachers even maintain their own "press agent" in order to secure the utmost publicity for the occasionally brilliant and, it may be, eccentic statements which they deliver. In English caurches the reporter is only admitted on sufferance. Under an areient law, which has never been repealed, the taking of shorthand been repealed, the taking of shorthand notes of sermous is a misdemeanor characterized as "brawling" and pun-ishable by imprisonment. In a few American churches special desks are available for remarkers. They are, in American churches special desks are available for reporters. They are, in any case, treated with the utmost courtesy by the ashers and provided with seats immediately below the pulpit. On a rare occasion in a crowded church a reporter has been allowed to seat himself on the pulpit steps, and on one extraordinary or usion it is recorded that a sten smaller was concealed within the pulpit itself.

A VAST STONY WRECK.

The North Cape, In Norway, Is Almost the World's End.

The North cape, Norway, is not quite the most northerly land in Europe, but it is far enough north, a dismal black point jutting out into the sea nearly a thousand feet high. Leading to the a thousand feet high. Leading to the top is a rough path not difficult to ascend unless it be wet and slippery. From the top to the edge of the cliff is a half mile or more of hard walking

is a half mile or more of hard walking over stones or through mire.

At last we come to the edge of the cliff. The sun, though it is nearly 12 o'clock, has almost reached the lowest edge of his daily path, but is still far above the shimmering sea. You stand on that lonely point feeling, except for the presence of those around you, that you are quite out of the world in which you have hitherto spent your life. You you have hitherto spent your life. You stand without on a rock pelted by every atorm of wind and snow. Attacked by the flery summer sun and pittless winter frost, no wonder that neither tree nor shrift nor scarce a flower can exist. Among the most solemn places on the globe it must be reckoned the world's end, a vast stony wreck projecting above the wide waste of waters.—Albert L. Bolls in Booklovers

An Eccentric Painter. William Willard, well known as the painter of Massachusetts' governors,

was very eccentric in his ways. His special aversion was the attempted purchase of his many old relies of furniture by people of wealth. A New York woman visiting in the vicinity of Sturbridge, hearing that the old artist possessed a beautiful colonial mirror and a rare clock, tried to buy them. Mr. Willard seemed to readily agree to the sale, but when asked when it would be convenient to have them packed replied, "Not until after the funeral." "Whose funeral?" asked the funeral." "Whose funeral?" asked the something that only interest of the wishort music.—Sartorial A fune without music.—Sartorial A with a chuckle.

A Double Presentation.

John Kendrick Bangs once ran across a gift copy of one of his books in a secondhand bookshop, still having this inscription on the fly leaf: "To his friend, J. G., with the regards and the esteem of J. K. Bangs, July, 1899."
Mr. Bangs bought the copy and sent it to his friend again with a second in-scription beneath, "This book, bought in a secondhand bookshop, is re-pre-sented to J. G. with renewed and re-iterated regards and esteem by J. K. Bangs, December, 1899."

The Same Thing. "What makes you think you have great business ability?" laughed the successful business man. "Why, you've

never made a dollar!"
"But you forget, dear," replied his rgetic wife, "that I made you!" Detroit Free Press.

TOBACCO HEART

The Way Smoking Acts Upon and Injures the System.

Are you "learning to smoke," boys?
Learning by heart—"tobacco heart?"
Read what a doctor says in the Medical Summary and then enter your leal Summary and then enjoy your

amoke—if you can:
In anoking tabacco we take in carbonic oxide, several ammonias and a very poisonous oil containing nicotine.
The ammonias and nicotine are the The ammonias and income are the substances which by acting in numerous directions are so injurious to the system. The ammonias act on the blood, making it alkaline and fluid, thereby impairing its nutritive prop-

The stomach is debilitated and dyspepsia induced. The innervation of the heart is disturbed, its action is weak, irregular and intermittent, and faintness and verilgo are the conse-

Owing to the disturbances in the blood and heart the process of nutri-tion is slow, and in the young serious-ly affected tissue is paralyzed and vi-

sion is impaired.

Tobacco is essentially a functional rather than an organic poison. It mod-ifies the special energies and not the structure. Tobacco is eliminated by the kidneys and very rapidly; consequently the bad effects quickly disappear under proper treatment if, however, the habit is given up.

Japanese Painting.

The Japanese, with their natural, unsophisticated view of life, have ever sought in their art to mirror what a great painter and critic has termed "men's primordial predilections." Art, however that seeks to embody pleas. "men's primordial predilections." Art, however, that seeks to embody pleasures founded on the unclanging properties of human nature must have a past as well as a future, must be able to look backward as well as forward. Not one's life labor, but that of many generations, is required. No people have better understood this than the Language. They have also clearly per-Japanese. They have also clearly per-ceived that no art that is not true to the changeless element in man can endure, while, on the other hand, any subject, however trivial, can be made eternally attractive if only treated in accordance with aesthetic law. Japanese painting delights us by its

Japanese painting delights us by its delicate fancy, its poetry, its freedom, its spirit, but what gives these qualities special and enduring charm, what makes the play of fancy never wearlsome, the liberty never mere license, is that they find expression in and through a framework of design so finely conceived that in it we see reflected as in a mirror the fundamental principles which govern all true art.—W. M. Cabot in Atlantic. Cabot in Atlantic.

Power of Fashion.

Though we can neither tell whence fashion comes, nor how, nor what it will do next, nor why it was yesterday one thing, today is something else and tomorrow will be different, nor who it always has been, is now and proba-bly always will be obeyed, it moves steadily forward into that realm of common sense where beauty and utili-ty blend in perfect harmony and ever keeps step with the progress of civili-zation and culture. No garment can please the r an of refued and cultivated taste, however correct it may be in fit, however well it may be tailored or however excellent the materials may be of which it is made, unless it is fashionable, even though it violates no law of art and of itself is a thing of beauty, for without that indescribable something that only fashion can give fine without music.-Sartorial Art Journal.

Two Tales of Macready.

It is not always well to strut and fret one's little hour upon the stage too realistically. Macready, who threw bline elf faro his acting heart and soyl, time eff into his acting heart and sovi, used to tell funny stories about the effect of his easy, colloquial manner upon the players collected for his commonly he must provincial towns. Once u the play of "William Tell" he turned to one of these stapid rustles and put he question. "Do you shoot?" so naturally that the new ways quite thrown ally that the man was quite thrown

"Who was the original Bluebeard?" asks a writer in the London Chronicle. He continues: "We owe the familiar Bluebeard of the pantomime to Charles Bluebeard of the pantomime to Charles Perrault, the Frenchman who publish-ed in 1696-97 life immortal stories of 'Bluebeard,' The Sleeping Beauty.' 'Little Red Riding Hood' and 'Cinder-ella.' But it is very uncertain who, if anybody, was Perrault's model for Bluebeard. Some have supposed that it was our Henry VIII., others that the tale is a lampoon upon the castle lords of kulcht errautry days in general. of knight errantry days in general. Perhaps the favorite candidate has been Glies de Rais, marshal of France, who was hanged and burned in 1440 for an awfri series of crimes. During fourteen years he was believed to have ridnaped about 150 children, tortured them, sacrificed them to the devil, burned their bodies and burled their bodies and burled their bones in his castle grounds. But the resemblance between his tale and Binebeard's is too slight to be convincing."

An Unmarried Widow.

It would appear that the standard of happiness of at least one African widow in Manhattan had reached high water mark, judging by this advertise ment published a few days ago:

Widow, colored, age 34, with high school training, vocalist, excellent cook, desires a husband same age or younger; awful extremely fair, clean, sober, moral and never been married. Address WIDOW.

The following personal, printed in metropolitan newspaper the other day, deserves a class by itself:

deserves a class by itself:

A European gentleman wishes to meet an American who is the typical daughter of all that is most admirable in our age; one gifted with the bold frankness of understanding, the enthusiasm of expectancy, the merry cheerfulness of superiority, the psychical and physical alertness of those of tomorrow; the worldly independence of this optimist must be duplicated; view, marrimony.

Yeark Deservation of the property of t

-New York Press.

Knives For Brides. custom of giving knives to brides was formerly a common prac-tice, when it was fashionable for wo-men to wear knives sheathed and sus-pended from their girdles. A wedding pended from their girdles. A wedding offered an opportunity of presenting something novel or ornamental in the cutlery line, and frequent reference such presents occurs in the plays of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the "Witch of Edmonton," 1648, for instance, the bride is described as wearing "the new pair of Sheffiel' knives, fitted to one sheath." A list of trinkets usually worn by ladies about 1500 includes girdles, knives, about 1560 includes girdles, knives, purses and pln cases. In Dekker's "Match Me In London," 1631, the bride

says to her jealous husband: "See, at my girdle hang my wedding

With these dispatch me."

Indignation. Law Notes relates that Albert E. Pillsbury, former attorney general of Massachusetts, on visiting the birth-Massachusetts, on visiting the birthplace of Horace Greeley in Amherst,
N. H., noticed that there was no placard about the place to inform the
public of its historical interest. Accordingly he himself tacked on the
house a card which read: "This is the
birthplace of Horace Greeley." While
he was energed at this task a passing
native paused to read the card, and,
turning to Mr. Pillsbury, he remarked
with some acidity: "The gall of some
of you fellers that hey made money in
the city is fairly sick'nint. What do
you suppose folks here care whether you suppose folks here care whether you was lorn on this farm or some other farm. Them's my sentiments, Mr. Greeley, and don't you forgit it!

Balting Watches.

"I will be with you in a moment. I must finish the balting of this batch

The speaker was a feweler. He said s he worked:

as he worked:

I suppose you are surprised at the idea of which lieking. I will explain. The machinery of a watch is delicate, at it must work the same in winter as in summer, the same in Russia as in Calvo, the same in the Sahara as in Iceland. There is only one way to accomplish it is—the watch must be regulated to heat and cold.

ulated to heat and cold.
"I am regulating these watches to
heat. Afterward, in a refrigerator. I off his guard, and, to his horror, replied, "A little, sir, but I've never had a go with one of them crossbows." Another time in "Viegnius" he asked, "Do you walt for me to had Viegnius in, or will you do so?" only to be greated unexpectedly by the notor who played lefture with a with a "Viegnius" stally, sir, I don't are; just a viegnit in Loudon."

Will regulate them to cold. Then when they go out in the world they won't disgrace themselves in any climate. Chronometers must be regulated more carefully than watches. They are often kept for weeks in temperatures that are now zero and now 120 degrees."—Philadelphia Bulletin. BREAKING TRAIL

In the Fresen Wilderness It Is the Meanest of All Tunks. To I reak trail is to pack with you and uncrusted ow into a more solid path, so that the dogs and toboggans may be brought forward to where you can make camp. Even the snowshoes, two feet in width, sink a foot or eighteen inches at every step. The snow crumbles and piles in on top of the web so that you have to tear each step with a wrench and a kick and a cloud of frozen white. You go forward, you frozen white. You go forward, you rest, you go forward again, forcing your way laboriously through no one can say how many feet of snow. weariness enters into the very mar row of your bones. The snowshor strap moves back and forth just enough across the moose hide moceanough across the moceanough across the moose hide moceanough across the mocean sins to gall the foot to the flesh of the toes; the muscles across the instep ache with knifelike cuts with every

step as you lift the heavy weight of snow that covers the shoe out of sight I remember the first day we stopped midway across the lake to rest. The guides dropped the tumpline from the forehead to their shoulders, cut some tobacco from a plug, rubbed it between their hands and filled short. tween their hands and filled short. black pipes. The dogs lay flat on the snow and bit and chewed at the solid anow and bit and chewed at the solid lumps of ice that had gathered on the paws. With the handle of my ax I scraped from my snowshoe the frozen masses of ice that gathered under my moccasins and were wearing blisters on my feet. We rested here only a few minutes, and then the bitter cold drove us on again, for no man dares to

stop long in such a temperature.

This breaking trail is very picturesque to an outside observer. Often-times afterward when, unincumbered, I had gone on ahead I would stop and I had gone on ahead I would stop and turn and watch the guides—black pyg-mies struggling through the boundless stretch of white with their heavily leaded toboggans in great clouds of snow. With their shoulders thrust for-ward and their heads bent to the trail they would swing along at an even ward and their heads bent to the trail they would swing along at an even stride acrobs the level expanse of frozen snow, broken only by the thin line of trail stretching behind them off into the distance and by the many still narrower tracks of the fox criss crossing here and there on the smooth surface.—Scribner's.

A Maid of Honor,

The late Lady Bloomfield was a maid of honor and published a book of rem-The late Lady Bloomheld was a hard of honor and published a book of reminiscences relating some very intimate incidents of her years at court. The result, the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian tells, was that the queen forbade her ladies to keep diaries while they were in waiting, and from that rule grew one of the neatest repartees that the heart of the professional diarist could desire. A young lady who had just been appointed a maid of honor was receiving congratulations at a party, and her host said, "What an interesting journal you can keep!" The girl told him that journal keeping was forbidden, and the answer was, "But I think I should keep one all the same." "Then," said the girl, "whatever you were you said the girl, "whatever you were you would not be a maid of honor."

Equal to the Occasion. Chauncey Depew once dined with three ladies in a New York restaurant. He was so entertaining that one of the ladies plucked up courage and during degsert leaned over and tapped the diplomat on the arm and with an affecdiplomat on the arm and with an ance-tation of shyness said: "Mr. Depew, let us pretend that you are the shepherd Paris, I am Minerva, Mrs. Blank is Venus and Miss Blank is Juno. Now. Venus and Miss Blank is Juno. Now, you must give this golden apple to the fairest." So saying, she handed him an orange. Depew did not wait an instant, but, turning in his chair, called the waiter. "Waiter," he said, "bring me two more oranges."

His Chance. He (moodily)-Ah, tell me truly, there anything that hasn't been said already on the subject of love? She (softly)—Probably not, but I am sure, very sure, indeed, everything on the subject hasn't been said to me.-Puck.

The Difference. Tim-I'm feeling fine this morning. I was up with the lark. Jim-I'm not feeling so fine this morning. I was up with the lark last night.-Detroit

An excess of levity is as impertinent is an excess of gravity.-Hazlitt.

Three Good and Just Reasons. There are three reasons why moth ers prefer One Minute Cough Cure First, it is absolutely harmless; second, it tastes good—children love it; third, it cures congins, croup and whooping cough when other remedies fail. Sold by Stone & Mercer

All old-time cough syrups were lesigned to treat throat, lung, anad bronchial affections without due reand for the stomach and bowels. hence most of them produce consti hence most of them produce constipation. Bee's, the original Laxative Honey and Tar, gently moves
the bowels and cures all coughs,
colds, croup, etc. Bee's Laxative
Honey and Tar is the original Laxative Cough Syrup. Look for the
letter B in red on every package.
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An improvement over 21 Cough,
Lung and Bronchial Remedies,
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Pleasant to the taste and good
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Why Don't You Go to Colorado?

It is the ideal vacation place from every point of view.

Colorado not only affords recreation of all kinds for the strenuous, but brings strength and health to the delicate.

Any time is a good time to go. Go now, if you like, or wait until August or September. Whenever you go you will find Colorado just right for vacation enjoyment.

I can tell you what you want to know.

Burlington

J. B. DRAKE, Traveling Passenger Agent, 703 Park Bldg., Pittsburg

Sturm & Wilson are recomm ng to their customers as a cure hay fever, Hyomet.

It is elained for it stops the spanning paroxyum the sneezing the smarring and rul ning of the eyes and nose, and other cute symptoms of this discuse.

WAY TO TREAT HAY FEVER

No Stomach Dosing, Just Breatl

Hyomei-Stops Sneering

and Smarting.

Many persons have been cured of hay fever by Hyomei, and this discoverer of this remedy professes be able to prevent both the occur rence of the annual attack and to stop the progress of the disease, ever in the most chronic forms. Sturn & Wilson offer to refund the money if Hyomei does not do all that i claimed for it, is the strongest proof, that can be given as to the confidence they have in Hyomei's power to cure have former. to cure hay fever. The complete outfit costs but \$1.00, while exten bottles can be procured for 50 cents

All parties owing Mrs M E. Black-Krohme, the milliner, will please call and settle same prompt ly and oblige.

KILL THE COUCH AND CURE THE LUNCS with Dr. King's New Discovery

THE STOVE AND PLUMBING CO

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Colored platanums, photograveures, steel engravings, and other things in

These can be bought either framed or unframed. The Lieber line has no equal as many of the citizens of Clarksburg can testify. Mr. Johnson forms us that his line this season is the largest and best ever shown. Would be pleased to have you call at our store, 212 W. Main St., and make selections for immediate shipment or for Xmas presents.

This will Undoubtedly be the Greatest Display of

Pictures, Frames and Mouldings ever Shown in CLARKSBURG. DON'T MISS IT CLARKSBURG. DON'T MISS IT.